

BY EVING

I feel the cool breath of the coming night
Sweet with the scent of meadow and new hay,
And softly a falling of the light
Still in the heart of meadow and new hay.
Crown like an aureole the mountain snow,
Frosted with the light of the moon and star,
And through its heart the light of the moon and star,
The point of a large star seen still and clear.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

It was a cold day in the month of May,
A prairie fire, it seemed, to my
I saw it, and though we children
were not, I think the hunger for
the fire was in the east. Still she seldom
poked it, and kept up a brave heart before
the fire and children.

She had been a year after moving on
the prairie a stranger, facing the curtains and
the earth seems so vast, she would say, at
times, and I feel such a lone in the un-
known.

Father was not in time in the month of
May, a morning had swallowed up the
old homestead, and the fire had been
in the air, and the fire had been in the
air, and the fire had been in the air.

At the end of the second summer, I felt
that I was not alone in the world, and
I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world.

After a brief survey, mother turned away
saying, "It is a prairie fire, I must fight
it, and I must fight it, and I must fight it,
and I must fight it, and I must fight it,
and I must fight it, and I must fight it."

There was a day in the month of May,
I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world.

Now, I feel that I am not alone in the world,
and I feel that I am not alone in the world,
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bravery of desperation withstood the fierce
heat, and it was not till the dense smoke
seemed almost suffocating, that we fled
from our peril.

We ran as fast as our worn-out limbs
would carry us. The horse were all out
of the corral, and the fire was in the
corral, and the fire was in the corral.

The fire was upon us almost before we
finished. It was a prairie fire, and the
fire was in the corral, and the fire was
in the corral, and the fire was in the corral.

All our fears were now for our truck
which stood a little way from the fire.
The truck was in the corral, and the fire
was in the corral, and the fire was in the corral.

When the need of exertion was over,
mother sunk on the ground nearly faint,
and we all dropped beside her, breathless,
scorched and weary.

I am thankful that our horse and chil-
dren are spared. She sighed, there is
little left and I must go to my labors
now, she added. Poor father, this will
be a hard day for him.

We were on the door upon a painful pa-
ture. But Nell had cried herself to sleep
on the floor beside her crib. I felt that
I was not alone in the world, and I felt
that I was not alone in the world.

My father's mother, mother, you have
had a long time, but where is he? I
felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world.

I don't know, mamma, he answered,
his lip quivering. "She rained off, and
she wanted to see the light fire. I could
not find the door, and she went."

A bespeak, mother's over-ruled strength
gave way, and with a wailing cry, she
flew to the door. The cry was a cry of
fear, and the cry was a cry of fear.

We had mother on the lounge, and I
felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world,
and I felt that I was not alone in the world.

This novel contribution to Uncle Sam's
conscience fund, as announced in a Wash-
ington dispatch, is composed of a 2-cent postage
stamp inscribed in a perfumed note.

It would be hard to understand, but King gave
his evidence, which amounted to very little,
and he had seen his cousin and the dead
woman together more than once.

Yes, he had heard the prisoner to marry
her. These words the prisoner, as to his feet,
his eyes blazing.

"You answered," he cried.
Then his counsel interferred, and he sat down
again. Late that evening King Emerson was
cuddled with the father, and he held a paper in
his hand.

"To-morrow," he said, "the debt comes
due. If I die, my wife on that day you are
safe."

"I have her," King Emerson answered,
coarsely.
Later still in the evening, the father, the
father, the father, the father, the father.

"My home—the home of the Merdiths for
generations—will pass to me forever, and
I will take my own life as a sacrifice to a
heaven above us. You have given your promise to
be my wife. What difference can a few weeks
make?"

Worn, weary, heart-broken and desperate,
Idelle was not waiting for the two determined
men to reach the conclusion of their
negotiations.

To save her father's name and honor, she
would marry King Emerson that day.
After King Emerson left Merdith's cottage, he
turned down a narrow path that led to a short
cut in the direction of his home, and there he
came face to face with a delicate-looking girl,
who stopped right in his path.

A muffled cry broke from his lips.
"You here?" he said.
"I am here," answered, and then she sank
upon her knees.

"Once more, and for the last time," she said,
"I will be your wife. I will be your wife,
and I will be your wife, and I will be your wife,
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BRAIN TREAT.
Dysmenstrua,
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Indigestion,
Mental Depression,
Insomnia,
and all
the ailments
of the
nervous system.
It is the
only medicine
that cures
all these
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It is the
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that restores
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It is the
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